

Portland, Maine;
Thursday Night,-
11. P.M.

My Dear Friend,

My meeting here is
over - I have had some
steamed oysters & milk
for my supper, and have
retired to my bed room
for the night my Ame
rican bed room - for

Every thing reminds me
that I am — here.

I write by the side of
an air-tight stove — with
the light of an explosive
spirit lamp — sitting in
a rocking-chair — at the
foot of a curtainless bed —
before a window covered
1/4 of an inch thick with
ice, and a fire-bell
ringing in my ears.

My lecture tonight has been something peculiar, owing to the following circumstances.

At ten time a friend put into my hand a copy of a little daily penny paper, containing the enclosed article, informing me at the time, that the Editor had for two months been throwing mud at me in true Jonathan Jefferson Brick style, and doing all in his power to stir the sediment in this city. I cut out the editorial, and carried it with me to the meeting, & in the course of my introductory observations, took such notice of the attack as I thought it deserved. It served me, too, as a peg on which to suspend some

Remarks upon the whole
tribe of American literary
scavengers. I then proceeded
with my lecture, and toward
the close, drew a picture
of the progress, & present sub-
lime aspect of the Anti-
Slavery Cause, notwithstanding
the blue bottle and
carriage crowd attacks upon
of such insects and obscene
birds as the "News." At
this stage, a person cried
out, "the writer is here,
and is not ashamed of
what he has done". This
set me on fire, and away
I went, running a

much at all the papers
that for the last 15 or 16
years had been inciting
the people to mobs and
violence - all the while
belabouring the unfortu-
nate Editor of the News -
to the infinite diversion
of my audience. I as-
sure you, I obtained
wonderful relief from
the throwing off of a
vast quantity of long
accumulating bile. To
the audience, this was
the best part of my

discourse, and sent them
away in the happiest
possible frame of mind.

My Meeting was held in
what is called the Christian
Church - a very comfortable
and eligible building. It
was remarkably well
filled at 12 1/2 Cents
per-head. They have
rewarded my castigati-
on of their townsman
with \$50. The audience
was the best ever known
at a ticket Meeting,

except when Mr. James
came amongst them, to
take snuff for an hour,
and read them a portion
of one of his printer works,
touching the Ancient Bri-
tons, which they will have
it was inferior ~~to~~ in
information to the answers
of a school girl in the
1st Class. I got here a little
before one, much jaded,
and have spent much
of my time in my bed-
room, trying to doze,

I have been strongly entreat-
ed to remain over to-
morrow, but have resisted,
and I am now going to
my pillow, to prepare
for a start at 1/2 p. 8
for Boston, where I shall
post this.

Peace be with you &
Jervis, whether at home
or abroad.

Ever, gratefully,
& sincerely, Yours,
To
A. W. W. Geo. Thompson